

A New York Story

Seven Gods lived in a New York apartment together and their names were

God of Creation,
God of Life,
God of Repulsion,
God of Nightmare,
God of Free Will,
God of Clarity
and God of Hope.

But this story isn't about them. This story is about the people who lived in the apartment next door. They were very, very strange.

They wore cloaks made of twigs and pressed against the windows saying "Bring us the pebbles, bring us the pebbles, bring us the pebbles."

Their hats were eleven stories high and their masks were of aluminium. Their bodies clad in foam rubber, their feet encased in mud-bricks.

They danced at noon. They danced at midnight. They tranced in the times between spaces that screamed "city!" at the long feeling of pale moon needing.

They were the people who took the train. They were the people who took the bus. They were the people who travelled the sidewalks. They were the people who climbed the stairs. They were the people who paid the coin slot. They were the people who survived the rain. They were the people who washed the dishes. They were the people who folded the coats. They were the people who turned the switches. They were the people who knew their names. They were the people who kissed Yggdrasil. They were the people who went to the inner beast and said "Oscillate the water of Mister Xert".

They were asked to be one hoof or many and they chose none. They were the void of Joid. They were the Wand of Monde. Be less. Like the Snails of Just This.

They marched in April steppes of staring at star ring spiral spring helix trope and defy Bone Archie of the Arches and Archers. For these were the lean times of leaning and cleaning while meaning the keening of the heart.

For deep escape was the cape of/or Thority since valley ant the brave behave like a bee hive live with jive they deeply dive.

Finally the seven Gods became curious to know what was going on in the neighbouring apartment. They popped a note through the letter box.

But there was no answer.